



## Bench Sell-Off Controversy



Trinity Hall said chair-io to its benches over the summer holidays. Sotheby's are thought to be quaking in their boots.

## Mark ye! Marquee!

Those familiar with the architecture of Central Site might be forgiven for being taken aback by the marquee that now looms large over Front Court. Did the June Event committee forget to book a marquee removal service?

The truth of the matter? Regina Phalange, *The TitBit's* expert and totally legit Religious Correspondent, has revealed that the college is in fact gearing up for a bar

mitzvah. The kosher wing of Gardies will cater the Jewish coming-of-age ceremony. The college chapel will be temporarily converted into a synagogue, a fiddler on the roof replacing the organist in the gallery.

If you find yourself in the vicinity of the tent in the next week or so, watch out for flying yarmulkes and oy veys a-plenty.

Join the conversation on Twitter using #JewishStereotyping

Trinity Hall's attempts to refit the Dining Hall took a turn for the worse early this week. Rumour has it ~~she ain't got your love anymore~~ that the college will seek to raise funds for the project by selling limited edition commemorative mini-benches hand-engraved in Elvish to all current students.

A mini-bench will be placed in each JCR member's pigeonhole on an unspecified day before the end of Michaelmas term. The college is likely to expect students to sign for each valuable mini-bench in person, or else risk an unspecified punishment in an unspecified location (see map inside for potential settings for *lex talionis* to be carried out).

Information gleaned from our Domestic Correspondent, Phil McCrevice, suggests that this will be an opt-out scheme. In order to opt out, students must climb beneath the Latham Lawn into a series of flooded cellars. The contestant student is advised to swim through the first two chambers, before climbing a ladder to a low corridor. On the floor, they will find a word written in sand (however, water will wash it away in a few seconds). The next chamber houses several boxes and a statue in honour of Noel Edmunds; one of the

boxes has the word written on it. In that box is a form that must be signed and dated. The student must finally exit the chambers via another submerged corridor, as in the popular 90s game show, *Fort Boyard*.

Failure to complete the form will result in an automatic charge of £43.72, in addition to the original mini-bench invoice of £12.30. The Bursary will subtract this amount from the bed-linen charge of £43.90, unless you are laundering your own linen, in which case the aforementioned price is reduced to £19.55. After offsetting this against your Kitchen Overhead Charge (£177), the JCR Treasurer will deduct £3.24 having added the 30% surcharge incurred if you subsequently eat more than one meal in Hall containing gluten-based produce on Friday 25<sup>th</sup> October. £1.35 interest will be charged for each day that the balance is not settled.

Students will receive their bill for this item on the penultimate Tuesday of Lent Term 2014. *The TitBit* suggests that you pay off your debt in manageable instalments over a period of 18-24 months rather than in one simple lump sum. The charge

*continued on page 2...*

### THIS WEEK IN THE TITBIT

LONG  
HALL

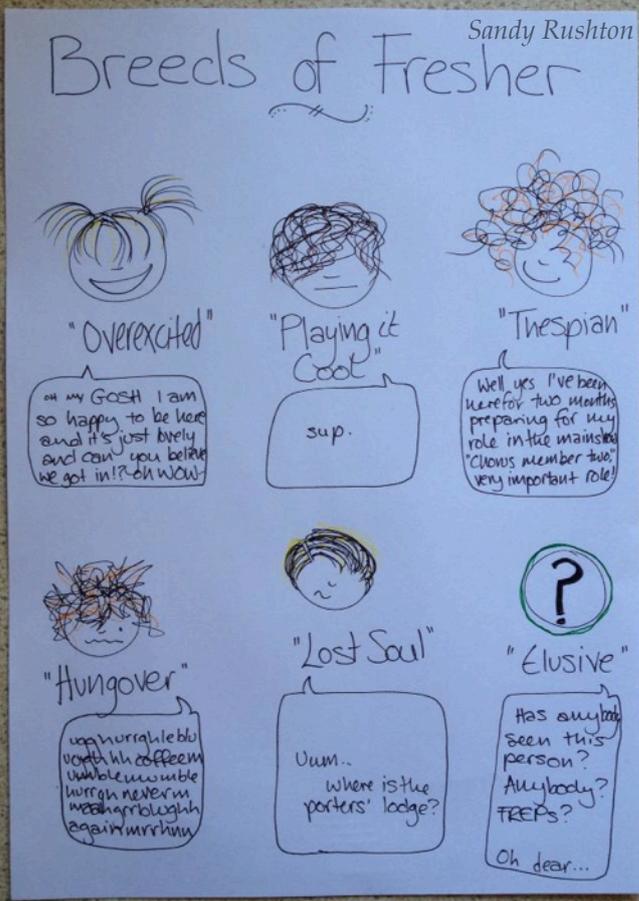
**Hall Bites  
Back**

UNOFFICIAL  
COLLEGE MAP

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INSIDE



# LONG HALL

“Connie, you’re going to Amman? You mean the capital of the Hashemite Kingdom of Boredom?” When I told my fellow Arabic students where I would be going this year, the general consensus was that Amman was the most boring city that side of Slough. Having spent one month here, I can happily refute that claim.

You can barely move three steps down Rainbow Street in the centre of town before you bump into an expat complaining about the lack of culture. Even the Lebanese and Syrians are at it, comparing Amman’s sprawling hills with the enchanting souqs of the old town in Damascus, or Beirut’s cosmopolitanism.

“So what does Amman have to offer?”, I hear you ask sceptically. By all accounts, not that much: exorbitantly high prices (for the Middle East, at least); taxi drivers who don’t know their way around (and often either stop somewhere for a coffee or run out of fuel mid-journey); a lack of museums, art galleries, pavements, and drinking water. All in all, a fairly unattractive proposition. I have to say, though, that I’m slowly but surely falling in love with the place.

Amman is grimy, and full of traffic. Here, it’s not rude to stare – or to shout at Western girls at any opportunity. As far as the eye can see, the city looks like a sea of white and brown low-rise buildings, stretching into the horizon. Every day I see the view

from the rooftop cafeteria at work and try to take it all in.

I’ve been at my job for almost a month now. It’s pretty darn amazing, and I can’t quite work out how I managed to weasel my way in. On my first morning working at the UN I got an e-mail address, buckets of fresh coffee made for me by my Lebanese colleague, and a confidence-boosting security briefing in which I heard far more than I wanted to about nerve gas. As an intern – apparently – I won’t be included in any evacuation plans.

Despite this baptism of fire, I couldn’t be happier. As for weekends (which, bizarrely, are Friday and Saturday out here), no two are the same. On Friday I was taught how to play backgammon by a Syrian. Last Thursday I went to a bar to watch a band and tried my hand at Arabic dancing. And this weekend I had my first Guinness on foreign soil in an Irish pub at a karaoke night. (You’ll be pleased to know I did Tit Hall proud, sang a duet, and watched as my singing partner won a bottle of whiskey whilst I got a few sympathetic smiles. Luckily I could drown my sorrows in mountains of falafel bought from the little man at the end of my street.)

Amman is a bizarre city in many ways, but whilst I write this to you from my flat with *Arab’s Got Talent* on in the background I can safely say it has yet to bore me. And that’s got to count for something!

Connie Vaughan

## Mini-bench fiasco

*continued from cover...* the millennium. (We will, however, be waived if you own a cummerbund, preferably of an orange hue. Any further questions should be directed towards the Bursar (not Bursary) or Accountants (not Accountancy) (see map for details).

Meanwhile, the redesign is well on its way. SkyBet has suspended betting on the prospect of the college signing up *Grand Designs* presenter, Kevin McCloud, as Architect-in-Chief for the project. Some observers, including Sky Sports pundit Jamie Carragher, have labelled it as the biggest summer transfer window saga of the millennium. (We couldn’t really understand him on the phone, but we think that’s what he said.)

**TRINITY HALL FRESHERS’ WEEK**  
 SPONSORED BY ROBIN THICKE

**Blur Those Lines & Laugh It Off**  
**With A Catchy Refrain**  
**Hey, Hey, Hey**

**TRINITY HALL PRESENTS**  
**DO IT LIKE AN ART HISTORIAN**

Gesture vaguely at pictures whilst bandying about terms like “postmodernism” which you don’t really understand! Pretend that you know who the Pre-Raphaelites were! Affect a pretentious and disdainful accent!

Can you handle the pressure?

Be there, or be sneered at with contempt. 9pm, Eke Onwa Ana. (On the Igbo calendar.)

# Hall Bites Back



*Kitchen staff member, J. Barlow, devours Keval Shah's nuggets of 'wisdom' - but can he stomach them? This letter, sent to the Editor, reveals all...*

Having winced at Mr Shah's offensive gibberish recording his supposed culinary adventure through the menus of Trinity Hall, I can only conclude that I'm rather old fashioned, in that I expect a critic – even a self-proclaimed one – to actually know something about their subject matter.

There is sometimes a fine line between humour, no matter how clumsily attempted, and

libel; and I wasn't laughing about any of this. It seems to me that Mr Shah has failed to inform himself of the rudiments of both cookery and journalism, and so I find it difficult to take his offerings seriously. Michael Winner he is not!

Firstly, I suspect Mr Shah doth protest too much about "myocardial Monday" as he sampled the fare at least twice, and it is clearly popular with the majority. In fact, it is the most heavily attended meal in hall. I almost had a smile on my face at the ignorance of Mr Shah's description of the cider syllabus as "cream-in-a-cup",

but decided to be generous and credit him with some ironic minimisation. I stopped short, however, when I saw that he had mistakenly identified the topping apple for a "green cherry".

But it was the fish-bone allegedly found in a student's lamb dish that really caught my attention. A fish-bone in the lamb! Really? Surely Darwin would have been as surprised as I am. Since no complaint was lodged and no comment made to the staff on duty, I can only conclude that the comment is wilfully scurrilous. An allegation such as this can prompt career-

ending action if upheld – I refer you to my previous comment regarding libel, Mr Shah, and urge you to proof-read your copy before sending for publication.

So for heaven's sake: go read some cookery books, Mr Shah. Bone up about your fish so that you can identify a "Haddock"; whip up some knowledge about desserts so that you can understand a syllabus. But, above all, if you have an issue with your food, TELL THE STAFF IMMEDIATELY! If instead you slink off to bash out some dubious accusations after eating without complaint, then I can only assume that your meal was to your liking and that your writings are merely an attention-seeking whinge.

*J. Barlow*



## Hunger strike at John's

Several members of St John's College have signalled their support for the plight of the people of Bongo Bongo Land with a hunger strike. It has already lasted for four days. Worries that it will disrupt Michaelmas feasting duties are widespread at the college, as the activists refuse lunch, dinner and even elevenses.

"We will not bow to public pressure," said lead demonstrator, The Rt Hon Sebastian Tuckingdale III. "Godfrey Bloom [the UKIP MEP whose comments on Bongo Bongo Land spurred the protest] lifted the lid on a problem that deserves all of our attention.

Like he says, all the Bongo Bongo people have are Ray-Ban sunglasses and Ferraris. I mean, Daddy has four Bugattis. It's just too awful to imagine. And it's time for us to take some responsibility: let's give these people a proper standard of living."

So far, reports suggest that the protestors have managed to resist the college's attempts to persuade them to eat. The Rt Hon Mr Tuckingdale and his followers described the painful three hours they spent locked in a room with St John's infamous horsemeat tartare. One of the five ringleaders passed out from the dish's tantalising smell.

**Keval Karia and Akshay Shah will deliver next week's College Lecture on:**

### **'Names That Aren't John or Mary: A How-To Guide'**

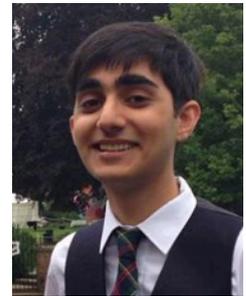
(age suitability: 11 years and up)

(may contain distressing material and flash photography)

**Attendance is compulsory for those likely to forget that not everyone from an Indian background looks the same. To resolve the confusion once and for all, *The TitBit* has taken the liberty of providing photographic evidence that the duo do NOT look anything like each other.**



**AKSHAY KARIA**



**KEVAL SHAH**

## THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

**"Sometimes I feel so unutterably superior to the people surrounding me that I marvel at my ability to live among them."**

*Kenneth Williams*

# creative



## Proverbially Speaking.

花有重开日,  
人无再少年

Huā yǒu chóng kāi rì, rén wú zài shào nián

Flowers may bloom again, but a person never has the chance to be young again.

It's the start of another year at Trinity Hall and with it a fresh wave of, as Damien from *Mean Girls* would say, "new meat coming through". With incoming Freshers, the older years may start to feel a little...old? We're hurtling through our time at Cambridge. Halfway Hall and Graduations are looming. We need to remember that time is of the essence, so we'd better make the most of it.

As this proverb basically implies, yolo. (I can't apologise enough for the phrase but I'm trying to be down with the kids.) So let's study hard first and foremost *but* after all that's done, let's have fun – do crazy,

preferably legal things; go out; get down with your bad self and make some friends, be it with people you've seen around but never spoken to or even those people that you forgot even went here (you know the ones).

And Freshers – you're at the start of your adventure through the hectic struggle to balance work and tea breaks. Don't pass up on any of the amazing opportunities you'll be bombarded with in your first few days, weeks and months because you'll never get this time back again. So... as the ancient Chinese said: "Yolo and down it freshaaaa"

Kelsey Long-Parsons

## Freshers' Week Checklist:

- 1 Sign up to knitting club
- 2 Break the ice by talking about something other than where you're from and what staircase you live on
- 3 Do a Bronwen on your first night (to find out what a Bronwen is, ask a second-year)
- 4 Make it past Wednesday without being set work
- 5 Gawp at your friends' Freshers' photos on Facebook and frown (ooo, alliteration). Mutter to yourself: "It seems genius has its costs after all. WHY, GOD, WHY ME?"



## Poetry Corner with Magdalena Slash

Our resident poet returns for Michaelmas with a brand-new *terza rima extravaganza* dedicated to last year's freshers who so tragically lost their minds (and all perspective – in the universe, ever) last term.

### TRIPPOS FEVER

Gut me, glut me – ludic dissent strikes cold,  
Trading pavements with Adele's father-aunt;  
Paroled fourfold like fool's gold when all's told.

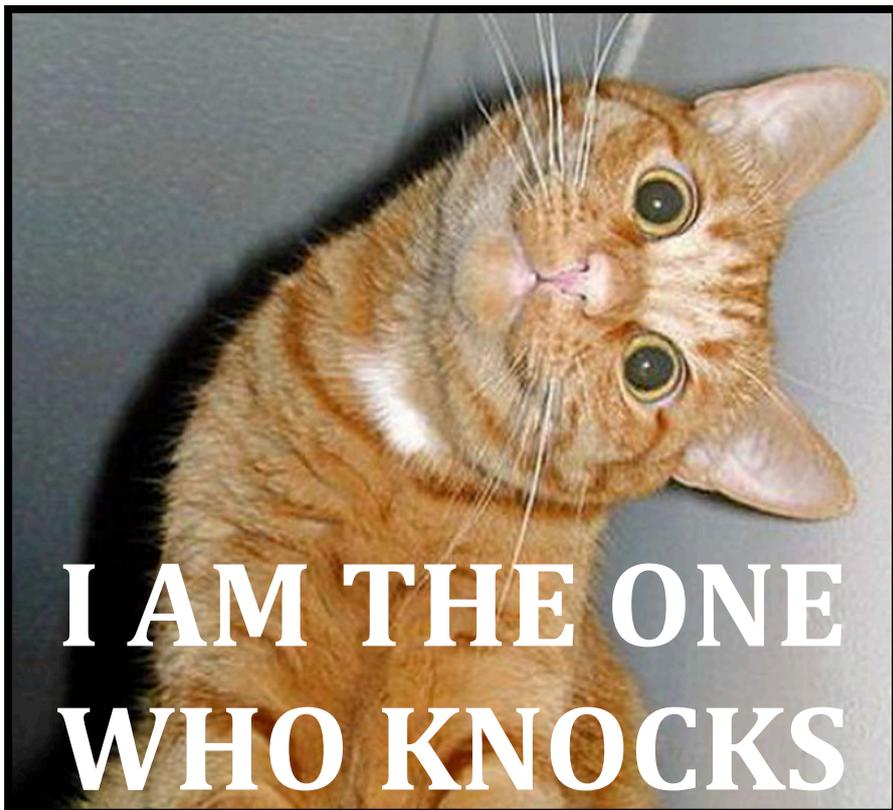
Collywobbles adust in your croissant,  
Truly honorificabilitudin-  
-itatibus: a turdiform transplant.

Blazing cressets kvetching into tailspin –  
Tush, tush, mortal men. Straddling saplings  
Bragging in the sweet, underlit has-been.

Scorched goose-pimples underwriting lemmings:  
Polyglot glottal stop *in cranium*.  
Foolish armies clash by night, Cillit bangs

In the distance. We are bacterium,  
Aculeate at heart. Spangle me, sir,  
In the depths of Satan's aquarium;

Pollen drops – drip-drop – in a purplish blur,  
Jerwood nightmares meld into one twofold,  
Working, workin, worki, work, wor, wo, w...



# I AM THE ONE WHO KNOCKS